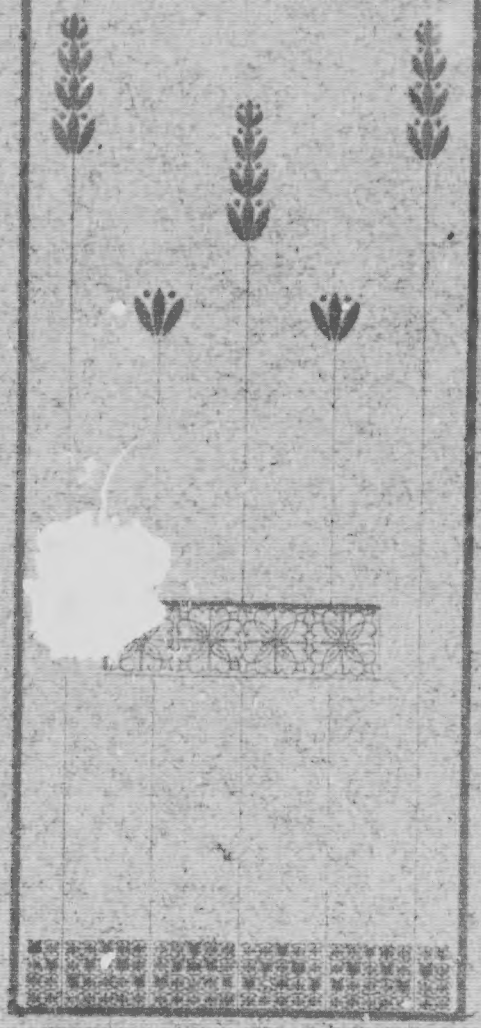
Poems of a Great Range



Poems of a Great Range

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand nine hundred and one, by CHARLES HARRIS SICKLE, Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture.

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THE GURNEY-TILDEN COMPANY
LIMITED
HAMILTON, CANADA

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THE POET OF WIDEST RANGE.

Rhymes of the Orders

THE MASONS

WHERE'ER you go throughout the earth,
Searching the planet's entire girth,
You'll find no land where Masonry
Has not a home and history.
In friendly orders, now you'll find
In this all men are of one mind;
Masonic rites they prize as gold,
And they have done so from of old;
All other Orders are, in truth,
Beside it things of callow youth,
And many scores have passed away
Since it began its world-wide sway.
A library could well be filled
With books, by writers wise and skilled,
Devoted to its praise; its roll
Takes in mankind from pole to pole,
Despite their color, clime or speech;
And every one is known to each
By mystic signs, that never fail
With those inside the sacred pale,
Though never seen or understood
By others; Masonry does good,
Whate'er they say who know it not,
And think it "mummery" and "rot."
It spreads abroad goodwill and love,
And by its works its right can prove
To the regard of thoughtful men,
Despite the sneers of jealous spleen.
In this respect it will compare
With the unequalled "Souvenir";
The kitchen range that blessing brings
To homes of peasants and of kings;
And Masonry is not more grand,
And not more prized in any land,
Than is this range where it is known,
And has its merits proved and shown;
A sterling range, not made to sell,
But one that does its duty well.
To demonstrate that it's the best,
Take our advice and make the test.

Do Smells Mix?

ON the way to the oven a Raspberry Pie
Did a Sirloin, a Duck and a Biscuit espy,
With a couple of Onions of very strong smell,
Who said they were bound for the oven as well;
"Oh, no!" cried the Pie, "we'll go one at a time,
For our flavors are varied, and never would chime;
Our smells would get mixed, and the kitchen would reek
With an odor of everything tainted with leek—
It's out of the question!" "Not so!" cried the cook,
"Come on all together, don't worry—for, look!
The Oven I use is the Souvenir Range—
Aerated, you know—and, though it seems strange,
Your smells will not mix—the current of air
Going all through the oven, moves everywhere;
So come right along, I've no time to wait,
The Souvenir Range will keep you all sweet."
And, true as she spoke it, the fact proved to be,
From all odor of cooking the kitchen was free;
And even the oven, when open the door,
Was as free from all smells as it had been before
The things were put in; this wondrous narration
Illustrates the virtues of good ventilation,
Which means circulation of ever new air,
Passing in and revolving there everywhere;
By a special device which we always arrange,
And which only is found in the Souvenir Range.
The odors, you see, escape as they rise—
Whether coming from onions, or roast meat, or pies—
They pass through a flue, up the chimney, away,
And hence in the oven can't possibly stay;
So you see it saves time, and temper, and work,
When the cook can do pastry along with the "turk,"
And anything else she may wish to provide;
Her labor's made easy and simplified.
For a kitchen this Range is an ornament rare,
One lasts for a lifetime; sold everywhere.

Rhymes of the Orders

THE ODDFELLOWS.

IF by its fruits you know a tree
(The safest way, as you'll agree),
Then we must all pronounce as good
Oddfellowship, which long has stood
In the fair garden of mankind,
As fine a tree as you will find.
Oddfellows—so they're quaintly named—
Though needing not to be ashamed,
And aptly named, for they are Odd
In working not for self, but God;
In thinking of a brother's pain,
Instead of their own private gain;
In proving it more blest to give
To help another than receive;
In thinking upon those in need,
And ministering in kindly deed;
In cringing not to rank or wealth,
And doing their good deeds by stealth;
These "oddities" are what has given
The name—but they are also "even,"
If by the word we mean the pair
Of qualities that fit and square
In human character and form
The Man and Brother, true and warm.
Though ancient, still the Order grows,
And must as long as heart-blood flows;
For sterling merit must have way,
And in the long run wins the day,
That's why the Souvenir Range has grown
In favor, as more widely known;
Its praises no one needs to bellow,
'Mongst ranges 'tis a real Odd-fellow;
Alone, unique, no need for strife—
Sold everywhere—one lasts for life.

Morgan Out-Morganed

(ON GREAT COMBINATIONS)

WE see to-day in every nation
A tendency to combination;
Against this, certain people kick,
As an invention of Old Nick;
Though small fry naturally will rail
At being swallowed by a whale,
There's one Combine, at least, that all
Will praise; 'tis what the housewives call
The Souvenir Range! You know the name,
And are familiar with its fame—
"Sold everywhere, and one will last
A lifetime," and you know it's classed
As first of kitchen ranges fine.
Well, this, we say, is a Combine;
In "one harmonious whole" it binds
The qualities which wifely minds
Most wish for in a kitchen range—
That's why its user won't exchange!
Appearance—splendid, says the wife;
Durability—lasts for life;
Convenience—'twill do everything;
Appointments—fit for any king;
Improvements—every one is there,
And many that no range can share:
Economy—it burns less fuel,
Although the oven ne'er is cool;
For heating—users say, first-class;
For cooking—not a bit of gas
Or faintest odor you will find,
Tho' onions, beef and fowl combined
Are done at once; you'll be elated
With the oven, which is aerated;
And baking—it will prove ahead
Of anything for cakes and bread.
So though the millions rightly rage
Against the combines of the age,
They'll give united approbation
To this domestic Combination!

Rhymes of the Orders

THE FORESTERS

BEHOLD the Temple, lofty, grand,
A brown-stone glory of the land;
A monument, that must reveal
To all Oronyhatekha's zeal.
No longer with a Robin Hood,
In leafy fastness of the wood,
Do Foresters foregather now;
Nor is their present trade, I trow,
The robbery of the passer-by,
But very much the contrary.
Their mighty influence they wield
To bless, to succor and to shield.
When Death, with chill, remorseless hand,
Stalks daily through the smiling land,
And bears away to silent grave
The mother dear, or father brave,
Among the mourners stands a form
Whose sympathetic word is warm;
Who, coming as a friend indeed,
Has gold in hand to help their need.
Upon the shield this giant bears
The legend I.O.F. appears;
And he is known in all our borders
As great among the Friendly Orders.
There's just one Order, by the way,
More friendly still, as housewives say;
'Tis that which thoughtful husbands give
The hardware dealer, where they live,
For the splendid "Souvenir" kitchen range;
Nor is this wifely feeling strange,
For such an order, duly filled,
Insures good cooking—really skilled—
With half the labor done away,
And bliss all round on cooking day.
Give such an order for your wife—
Sold everywhere—one lasts for life!

Mr. Morgan's Plans

"WON'T you tell us, Mister Morgan,
What you really mean to do?
Come now, Pierpont, tell us frankly,
For the question's up to you.

"Is it gospel, Mister Morgan,
That you own the big steel trust,
And that after you had bought it
You had left just scads of dust?

"Some folks say you went to Europe
With a trillion plunks or two,
And that if you like that country
You will bring it back with you.

"It is rumored, Mister Morgan,
That you don't know what you're worth,
And that you are slyly planning
Just to buy the whole blamed earth.

"Is it true you have an option
On the sun and moon and stars,
And that in your inside pocket
Is a mortgage on old Mars?

"Don't buy heaven, Mister Morgan;
Please don't, Pierpont, for you know
If you push us off this planet
We must have some place to go."

"Well, as to my buying heaven,
I ain't quite made up my mind;
But I'll tell you one queer set-back
That most everywhere I find.

"There's one thing that folks who own it
Will not sell for gold; it's strange,
But no wife, I find, will part with
Her loved Souvenir Kitchen Range."

Rhymes of the Orders

THE A.O.U.W.

THE Ancient Order—A. and O.—
United Workmen—even so;
United truly, heart and hand,
In firm alliance, broad and grand,
As in a mutual brotherhood,
To do each other lasting good.
Too long had workmen stood apart,
Devoid of power and faint of heart;
Each one, alone, too poor and weak
For his own rights to fitly speak;
Till, learning from old Æsop's tale
That, though a single stick would fail,
A bundle of them, firmly bound,
Could not be broken, Wisdom found
The plan whereon this noble Order
Was based, and now within the border
Of our good land is growing strong,
And bidding fair to flourish long.
United Workmen—Workmen, mark!—
No idle drone or human shark
Among them; all are men who toil
By daytime sun or midnight oil
With brawn or brain; who win their bread
By value given of hand or head.
Yet here united—not to rule
The doings of the labor school,
To fight combines, or go on strike,
Or talk of wages or the like;
No, but for mutual, friendly aid,
When death has sore bereavement made,
Or sickness comes, or trouble falls,
Or brother heart to brother calls.
United Workmen—yet no Turk
Was ever more exempt from work
Than is the home that doth arrange
To get a Souvenir Kitchen Range!
Worry and trouble fly away,
Baking and cooking then are play.

The...
Gurney-Tilden
Company, Limited

SOUVENIR
STOVE, RANGE AND
RADIATOR
Manufacturers

WORKS ESTABLISHED 1840

Hamilton, Canada